# OCTOBER.

Mrs. A. Giddings' Park.

Over the hills and through the valley
That late were clothed in robes of green,
The work of some magic hand, outvying
The skill of the masters old; if seen!
With cardinal, gold, with scarlet and crimson
The sumachs and maples are all ablaze;
In browns and russet the oaks are painted,
The far horizen a purple haze.

II

The willow's yellow locks are streaming,
The stately pines of the forest nod;
In Tryian dyes the asters are waving;
The pastures are gleaming with golden-rod.
The fluffy bloom of the woodbine lingers,
Crowning with beauty the shrubby copse;
The ivy covers with gayest mantle
The dead tree-trunks to their very tops.

III

Over the marshes the sedges whisper;
Bordering the wayside the ferns grow sere;
Down by the brook the blood-red eyebright
Shows where the shallow pool lies clear.
Up from lone nooks peers the blue fringed gentian;
The dry leaves fall from the clambering vine;
The blue bird's twitter of sunnier regions;
The sun is tempering the grape-globed wine.

IV

Out in the woods the nuts are falling,
The squirrels gather their winter's store.
The red-cheeked apples lie in the orchard,
The boughs above are laden with more.
From stubble field and wasted garden
Shrill is piping the cricket's song;
With muffled beat from the tangled thicket
The drum of the partridge reverbrates long.

V

Softly the mellow light is resting
Over the far off, misty hills;
A murmuring plaint comes up from the valley,
The twirling cascade, the wandering rills.
There's a sigh in the air, with a hint of tears;
Everywhere symphonies pensive we hear.
Nature a threnode in undertone humming
Grieving the fate of the failing year

O. H. von G.

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AUBERT GALLION QUE
Wm M Rozer 1889

## ONE GIRL'S WAY.

The protracted meeting of M. had closed. The pastor said he had gathered in his lambs, so many of the girls and boys had united with the church. Jennie Evans had been brought under deep conviction, had struggled earnestly and been very clearly and brightly converted. Her pastor rejoiced over her, for he saw the work was genuine, and he fondly hoped the Lord would use her as an instrument in the salvation of her parents. Judge Evans and his wife had more influence in M. than any other people; were kind and cordial—just the sort of folks that others point out as being better than many church-members. Dr. Carey had earnestly sought an influence over them; but while they were perfectly polite to him, he knew it was only personal kindness—no interest in his Master's cause. Now, while he carried their names to the throne of grace, he often repeated, "And a little child shall lead them."

Now the meeting was ended, and Jennie could calmly think over the great love in her heart, she became earnestly anxious to do something for him who had done so much for her. But she was very *timid*—never said much at any time. She had looked at Fannie Clark as she moved about urging her classmates to the altar. "Oh, if she only could do that way!" But no! she must look for some little corner where shy girls could work. Then she resolved to do homely work first—to begin to lead a Christian life at home, here where they best knew her every fault. So she knelt down and with all her soul asked God's blessing on her efforts.

A cheerful, happy girl moved about the house, always finding something she could do for mother, some little attention for papa, some little play for the younger ones some kindness for a school-mate, but all so quietly that Fannie Clark whispered to the girls that she did hope Jennie would hold out. "But she is just as quiet as ever—never says a word about belonging to the church. Now I feel like calling out to everyone I meet on the street that I am a member."

Wednesday night came, and the clear-toned bell sounded the weekly prayer hour. Jennie quietly asked permission to go with some friends who came by their house.

"No, Jennie," said her mother, very firmly; "I *do not* approve of children's running around at night. You go to Sunday-school and to church Sunday morning—that is often enough, oftener than your father and I go."

Jennie quietly choked back a tear and sigh, and turned to her usual evening duties. Her father noted her quiet submission—for Jennie had not always obeyed so gently—thought of it a moment, and then became absorbed in his paper.

Alone in her room, Jennie read her Bible and prayed God to show her how to get along without her prayer-meeting until she could go. "And, O Lord," she added, "please make mamma and papa want to go too."

On the morrow, at school, the girls pressed about her to know why she was not out. Poor Jennie would not put the blame on her dear mamma, so she only answered that she could not go. The girls looked knowingly at each other—they were afraid of her.

Dr. Carey, who saw deeper than they, met Jennie on her way from school, and with a tender pressure of her hand said, "I missed you last night, my child;" then, seeing a troubled look, added quickly "Keep on praying and trying, Jennie and all will be right. Remember, I am praying for you too."

The next Wednesday night Fannie and several others called for Jennie, to be met with a decided refusal from her mother. Her father noted again her pleading, disappointed look, but said nothing.

"I declare," said Mrs. Evans, as she closed the door, "I don't believe in children joining the church. Lessons, everything must be neglected for the meetings."

Wednesday nights went by, one by one. Jennie asked no more permission from her earthly parents to attend the beloved meetings, but did not cease to ask her Heavenly Father to open up a way for her to attend. Wednesday night always forced itself upon Judge Evans' notice; no matter where he went, he heard the church-bell and saw the sad, silent, pleading look of his child. He knew his child's life had changed in the last few months, and as he admitted this, many old scenes and new thoughts forced themselves on his attention. One beautiful night, as the bell sounded its cordial welcome to all, the Judge looked up and said: "Run, little daughter; get your fixings on, and I'll take a walk with you to prayer-meeting. It's a pity you have to stay at home all the time, after all those big holes you darn up for me."

After one quick, grateful glance, Jennie ran to her room and knelt by her little bed: "O Father," she said, "I am so glad, I am so glad! I know you did it—no one else could. Please make him and mamma Christians. Amen."

Such a simple little prayer—yet the Lord, who hears our simple cry, knew how much of love and trust it contained, and was well pleased.

"Judge," said his wife, "I am astonished at how you spoil that child. You at prayer-meeting! I never knew you to go."

"Ah, well, wife, it won't hurt us. Perhaps she inherited it from her grandmother—she could never be persuaded to miss one. Ready, little girl?"

The two walked quietly on. Jennie was too happy to say anything—she could only press her papa's hand. The Judge was in a mood for silence: a voice that he alone could hear was speaking to his heart in tones loud enough to drown all other sounds. As he entered the church the congregation began to sing, "How firm a foundation." How familiar the tune and words! He seemed to hear his mother's trembling notes amidst the trained voices around him. Memory carried the dignified, wealthy judge back, till he was only a barefoot boy on the old farm. He saw his mother in her plain home-made garments—the village saint. Many souls had been led to Christ by her, yet here was her boy honored by men, almost an avowed disbeliever in God. Then his rough, honest father, his face beaming good-will to men. The preacher talked on of God's love for man, but somehow the Judge had gone back to his father and mother; the deathbed of his father was before him. How it rung of victory and glory, transforming the humble cottage into a Heaven below! How he had longed to die such a death then! With a long sigh he turned from the scene and gave his attention to the services of the hour.

Mrs. Evans had not been undisturbed by conscience during the hour. In early girlhood she united with the Methodist Church and had felt some measure of the love of God, but the tender plant was in barren soil. There was no one at home to lend a helping hand, no one to bid her Godspeed. She married, moved away; her name was taken from the church-roll, and she had long ceased to remember her vows. But Jennie, in her efforts to lead a Christian life, recalled and strangely stirred the past. Did she wish her daughter to be a prim Methodist, shut out from the fashionable life she so enjoyed? Well, no—not exactly. Still, she would not dare to tell her religion was not true. Yes, it was true. There was a time when she leaned over a baby coffin, and knew and felt the need of God. She became impatient at her thoughts, and walked to the door to await her husband and child

After that night, Judge Evans and his wife began to attend church rather regularly. Before many weeks passed, Mrs. Evans again united with the church, and in time, with careful nursing, became a consistent member, and renewed her first love. Not so the Judge: conviction had seized him with a very heavy hand; he could not shake it off, and he would not yield. At times a deep despair would settle over him, and he would give himself up for lost; then,

"His soul would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair."

Again he would drown his hope in the social glass, and plunge into excesses unknown before. Everyone in M. knew that something was the matter with the Judge, but very few knew the truth. At last he knew he must yield. But what would *his companions* say—they who had heard him so carefully reason away the Saviour's divinity, they who had heard his bitter sarcasms on other men's professions. Then, from his early training he had conceived the idea *that to be converted he must go to the "mourner's bench."* Now, the Judge would willingly have given thousands to avoid this. What! he go there, as he had seen the commonest workmen of his estate! No! Yes, it must be done.

The Sabbath was bright and beautiful; the church was crowded; Dr. Carey seemed clothed upon with his Master's spirit as he pleaded the Saviour's dying love, and with the tears streaming down his aged cheeks besought the congregation to yield, by dying love constrained. With one mighty effort of self-surrender, Judge Evans arose to go to the altar to confess Christ before men. Dr. Carey saw him coming and went to meet him; their hands clasped upon the altar, and from each broke joyous words, "Glory! glory! glory!" Jennie, scarcely conscious of her act—so sure charged was her heart with joy—crept up to the altar, too, and slipped her hand into her father's. From the rear of the church came an old man in home-spun and home-made clothes, halting, with rough stick. He had stood by and caught the dying glory as the Judge's father had entered Heaven; he had closed his dying eyes, and breathed many a prayer for "Jeems"—for such only was the Judge to him. He laid his toil-hardened hand on those on the altar, and shouted aloud, "Glory!"

It was a weird scene; the holy man of God; the humbled, bowed Judge: the little child; the rough man, with his hand and stick upraised in adoration; the sunlight flooding them with glory. The congregation arose, as by one accord and began to singing, "Glory to God in the highest!" The minister softly pronounced a blessing, and reverently the rough man added; "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

What wonder that from that day there *grew the largest revival ever known in M?* What wonder that God honored the work of a little girl so timid she could only daily live love for Christ?—*Sunday-school Visitor.*

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From International Question Book.)*

### LESSON III.—OCTOBER 20.

### DAVID'S THANKSGIVING PRAYER—2 Sam. 7: 18-29.

COMMIT VERSES 23, 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—1 Thes. 5: 18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's wonderful goodness calls for thankfulness and praise.

DAILY READINGS

M. 2 Sam. 7: 1-17.
T. 2 Sam. 7: 18-29.
W. 1. Chron. 17: 1-15.
Th. 1 Chron. 17: 16-27.
F. Ps. 2: 1-12.
Sa. Ps. 72: 1-20.
Su. Luke 1: 32, 33, 68-79.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT.—1 Chron. 17: 16-27.

DAVID'S DESIRE.—David, when settled in his kingdom in peace, desired to build a temple for God's worship (7: 1-2). But God knew it was not best for David to do this. *Other work must be done first.* Besides, David was a man of war, but God's house must be a temple of peace (1 Chron. 22: 8; 28: 3). Hence God promised him that his son should build the temple, and that the kingdom should remain in his family forever. David was also permitted to make great preparations for the temple (1 Chron. 28 and 29: 1-9. This promise was fulfilled in the kingdom of Christ, "David's greater son" (Luke 1: 32, 33; Acts 2: 28-31).

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

18. *Then went king David in:* to the tabernacle. *And sat:* probably upon his heels, in the oriental method of reverence before superiors. 22. *Wherefore thou art great:* goodness and love are the highest greatness. 23. *Great things and terrible:* such as the plagues upon Egypt, the crossing of the Red Sea, the giving of the Law, the conquest of Canaan. 25. *Concerning his house:* his descendants, as the English say, "the house of Tudor."

SUBJECT: THANKSGIVING FOR GOD'S MERCIES.

I. THE DESIRE OF THE HEART.—Where did David live? In what kind of a palace? v. 2; 5: 11.) In what kind of a place was the ark? (v. 2; 1 Chron. 15: 1, 2.) What did David desire to do? Ought our churches to be better than our private houses? Why? Was this desire of David's right? Should we have like earnest desires for the kingdom of God?

II. THE PROMISE OF GOD.—Who revealed God's Word to David? (v. 4.) Was *David's* desire granted? (vs. 12, 13.) Why not? (1 Chron. 28: 3) What three things did God promise him instead? (1) v. 11; (2) vs. 12, 13; (3) vs. 16, 24.) Were these things better than what David had asked for? Does God often answer our prayers thus, when we sincerely ask for what is not best for us? (Eph. 3: 20.) Who built the temple? What preparations did David make for it? (1 Chron. 29: 1-9.) Was the temple thus much more magnificent than it would have been had David built it when he proposed to?

III. THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER (vs. 18-29.)—How did God's goodness make David feel? How many things do you find in these verses for which David gave thanks? Is what we thank God most for a test of our character? Why did God do these things for David? (v. 21.) Does God love to give us good things? What had *God done for* David's people in the past? (v. 23.) Name some of them. What are some of the great things God has done for us? For what did David pray?

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—How was this promise fulfilled in reference to the house and kingdom of David? (Luke 1: 32, 33; Acts 2: 29-30.) Is David's kingdom in Christ much more glorious than any temporal kingdom? Was this answer to David's prayer a great deal better than any temple or prosperity David could have had in his lifetime? What texts speak of Christ as a great king? (Eph. 1: 20-22; Phil. 2: 9-11; Rev. 19: 16.) Where is his kingdom? Repeat some exhortations to thanksgiving. (Eph. 5: 20; Phil. 4: 6; Col. 3: 15-17; 1 Thess. 5: 18; Heb. 13: 15; James 1: 9.) Why should we give thanks? Will a thankful spirit make us happy?

### LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 27.

### SIN, FORGIVENESS, AND PEACE.—Psalms 32: 1-11.

COMMIT VERSES 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Rom. 5: 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God loves to forgive those who truly repent of their sins and forsake them.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 11: 1-27
T. 2 Sam. 12: 1-23.
W. Ps. 51: 1-19.
Th. Ps. 32: 1-11.
F. Luke 15: 1-10.
Sa. Luke 15: 11-32.
Su. John 3: 1-17.

DAVID'S SIN.—David committed the double crime of adultery and murder, the latter in order *to hide the former. Sins seldom go alone.* David was very prosperous. He was perhaps growing luxurious. He stayed home from the war east of the Jordan at Rabbah, and may have been indulging in idleness. He yielded to temptation, and that led to a series of wrongs which he never dreamed of doing when he began. His sin was also against God's cause and the moral state of his kingdom.

DAVID'S CHARACTER.—He was a good man, with many noble qualities, and accomplished a vast amount of good. This double crime was a great blot on his character. But we must remember (1) that the blot seems all the blacker for being in so good a man; (2) that we must judge him in the light of his circumstances, and not by our light. *Scarcely any other Oriental monarch* would have looked upon the acts as crimes of any great account; (3) We must note David's deep and bitter repentance. This shows the true character of the man.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1, 2. *Blessed:* the original is plural, "O the blessedness of him," etc. The person described is blessed in many ways, in body and in spirit, in himself, and in his relations to others, for time and eternity. *Transgression:* going into forbidden fields. *Sin:* missing the mark, failing in duty. *Iniquity:* in-equity, what is unjust. *No guile:* the repentance is sincere and true. 3. *When I kept silence:* did not confess his sin. This verse and the next describe David's feelings during the year he tried to keep his sin to himself. *Bones waxed* (grew) *old:* he was weak, pained, sick in body and soul. *Roaring:* crying out in his anguish. 4. *Thy hand:* the emblem of power and activity, of bestowing something. *My moisture:* the figure is taken from a tree whose sap is dried up, so that all its freshness and power is gone. *Selah:* i.e. interlude. 6. *Floods of great waters:* emblem of troubles and punishment. 7. *Compass . . . with songs:* he found deliverance from troubles and dangers on every side, for which he sang songs of praise. 8. *I:* i.e. David. *Will instruct:* teach from his experience. *Guide thee with mine eye:* keep watch over thee, so as to keep thee in the right path. 9. *Be not as the horse:* be guided by reason and God's Word, and not be forced to do right.

SUBJECT: SIN, FORGIVENESS, AND PEACE.

I. SIN.—What great sins did David commit? Which of the ten commandments did he break? Did he know them? What great things had God done for him? Was his sin against God as much as against man? (2 Sam. 12: 9, 14; Ps. 51: 4.) Did he do a great deal of good? Was David a truly good man? (1 Kings 15: 5.)

How could so good a man fall into sin? Is it right to judge David by his sin alone, without considering his character and his repentance? Why does the Bible record the sins and faults of its good men? Are the sins of good men as really against God as against man?

II. REPENTANCE.—How long did David try to hide his sin? (See Time.) How is his state of mind during this time described? (vs. 3, 4.) What at last led him to repentance and confession? (2 Sam. 12: 1-14.) How was David punished? (2 Sam. 12: 14-23.) What Psalm expresses David's repentance? (Ps. 51.) Did all the people know of his sins? How did he make them all know about his repentance?

See title to Psalm 51, which means that it was to be sung in public worship.

*Did it require* great courage and sincerity for a king to thus humble himself before the people? To whom should we confess our sins? Is there true repentance without confession? What are the proofs of true penitence?

III. A SONG OF FORGIVENESS AND PEACE (vs. 1-11.)—Who are blessed? What three words express the nature of sin? (vs. 1, 2, 5.) The meaning of each? What three words express forgiveness? What does God's forgiveness do for us? For whose sake will God forgive us? (1 John 1: 9; 2: 12.) Why can we not be forgiven without Christ? Describe David's feelings while he refused to confess his sin. (vs. 3, 4.) What blessings came when he confessed his sin? (vs. 5-7; Prov. 28: 13.) Why will not God forgive without repentance and confession? What is meant by "compass me about with songs of deliverance?" (v. 7.) What advice did David give from his own experience? (vs. 8, 9.) Must we all be governed by brute force, if we will not by reason? What contrast between the righteous and the wicked? (vs. 10, 11.)

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## AN ELEMENT OF HOUSEHOLD GRACE.

To most persons it may seem that a wash cloth is a very small object to talk about, but it seems to me that a towel is hardly a larger one in the matter of importance. If anyone has ever known the luxury of plenty of good, well made wash cloths, she will never give it up. This little article is indicative of neatness. A man generally scorns a wash-cloth, but his short hair, his large bowlful of water, and his ability to all but get into the bowl with head and neck, offer some excuse for his scorning. Yet, the other morning, I noticed in a man who is usually very neat, and who persistently declines my cloths, places in his ears that were not quite clean. I did not wonder, my own would have been no cleaner under the same treatment.

The corner of the towel—was there ever a more absurd and perverted thing? Does anyone ever suppose it was intended to wash with? We scold our Irish cooks if they wipe the glassware with table-napkins, or boil potatoes in the dipper, or use the dish pan for a scrubbing pail; yet is it any better to use the corner of the towel for a wash-cloth? How it looks when you are through! And how it feels! It is invariably soapy, for it cannot be thoroughly rinsed without wetting nearly half the towel.

How fast the wetness travels, until you are pretty sure to wet your clothing with the perverted corner, while you are trying to wipe with the other end. To say the very least, it is not a neat way to do, and renders the towel unfit for a second using.

Wash-cloths are indicative of refinement. They mean the using of the right thing for the right purpose and that is certainly indicative of education and culture.

It is easy to thoroughly wash and thoroughly rinse with a wash-cloth, and the towel can then be used with some degree of comfort and agreeablenes.

It is surprising how many nice homes, well furnished and nicely appointed in most ways, do not have a supply of wash-cloths. So true is this, that I never go away to visit for one day or week, or month, without several wash-cloths in my satchel or trunk; and, as I said to my friend a few days ago, "I visit real nice people, too."

There is an idea prevalent that any sort of a rag will do for a wash-cloth,—an old stocking leg, a salt bag, a piece of gauze underwear, an old napkin or piece of towel. These are better than nothing and indicate a reaching towards nicety. But you will find that the people who use these sorts of things are very apt to take pains to provide proper dish-cloths and towels. It is strange to me that this is true.

There should be a generous supply of wash-cloths, as there should be of towels. Quite as many I think, of one as of another are used in my own home, each week, and quite as much stress is laid upon the proper use and care of one as of the other. "Lots" of wash-cloths is the rule.

Now, as to the kind: I find that those that can be bought all ready in the large dry goods stores, are not only too thick and rather large, but are quite expensive. Much the best way is to buy white or unbleached Turkish towelling, of a quality that costs fifty or sixty cents a yard, and cut each yard into three lengthwise strips, and each strip into four pieces. This will give you from a yard of towelling, one dozen wash-cloths a quarter of a yard square.

These can be neatly bound with white silesia cut bias, but this mode of finishing does not compare for prettiness or agreeableness with "button-holing" them all round with red working cotton. Get a coarse cotton and put the stitches about one half-dozen to the inch. This is a very good fancy work for an evening, or is nice for the little girls to do.

If you want to make a unique and most acceptable gift to a busy housewife friend, send her a dozen wash-cloths prepared in this manner. She will be more grateful than for almost any piece of fancy work you could give her I know, for I have tried it.

A very important word to say is about boys and wash-cloths. Get them together. It will amply repay you. Teach boys to use them thoroughly, rinse and hang them up properly, and you have made quite a stride in your refinement teachings. It is a "home-y" thing to do, and will carry with it more than appears upon the surface. Again I can say I have tried it and know whereof I speak. Of course, if you teach your boys this, you will not leave your girls without the lesson.

A final word about the washing of wash-cloths. Have all that have been used, put into the wash each week. Let them be boiled as the towels are; but do not have them ironed. If they are carefully smoothed and folded they are better than if ironed. My word for it, when you come to put the neat little pile away into your linen drawer you will consciously or unconsciously give it a glance of pride and pat of satisfaction that will indicate culture.—*Good Housekeeping.*

## A DINNER OF FRAGMENTS.

"Yes, mother, I enjoyed my visit wonderfully well, and I trust, beside the pleasure I received, I have also gained much practical knowledge, during my two months' stay in Auntie's house. She is one of the best of house, and home-keepers. Such delicious breakfasts, dinners and teas, as she prepared, and notwithstanding they live on a farm, there was no lack of variety in the different meals. I am quite impatient to put into practice my recently acquired knowledge." Mrs. Manton smiled at her daughter's enthusiasm, as she replied, "You will have ample opportunity to test your knowledge of domestic economy, for Kate is, by all means, the most inefficient girl we have ever had in the kitchen. If my health were as good as it formerly was, I could remedy matters; but the past month the different meals have been unusually unpalatable." — "Well, don't worry, mother, I am going into the kitchen, to see what can be cooked for to-day's dinner."—"You will have to go to market, and order the meat and vegetables for dinner. It is ironing day, and Kate is too busy to go."—"Wait until I see what we have in the pantry;" and Elsie started for the pantry on an exploring expedition.—"There's nothin' in the pantry, Miss Elsie, but a few scraps of meat, fit for the chickens."—"Never mind, Kate, I'll look around and see what I can find. Everything here, will help toward making an excellent dinner;" and Elsie surveyed the collection with satisfaction. "Enough cold roast mutton, for a mutton pie, a piece of boiled salt cod-fish, which will make a delicious cod-fish salad, with boiled potatoes, mashed nicely, and seasoned with butter, a little milk and salt, stewed carrots, cut in pieces size of a grain of corn; when cooked tender, seasoned with butter, salt, pepper, half cup sweet milk or cream, with bread, butter, and a good dessert of mock mince pie, and rice fritters, will make a nice dinner, without going to market today."—"Sure, Miss," and Katie gazed wonderingly at Elsie, as she completed her inventory. "Yo can niver cook all yo've said, with them few scraps," and Katie gave an emphatic nod to her head, as she proceeded with her ironing.—"Wait and see. What is this jelly in an earthen pan?"—"It's no jelly, only the water that biled the frizzled beef. I'll empty it out now."—"No, Katie, this will make a good soup." No motion of Elsie's was lost upon Katie, who watched attentively, while Elsie cut the roast mutton in small pieces, placed it upon the stove, in a kettle containing a little water, and the gravy left from the previous dinner; she added, also, a couple of slices of finely cut pork steak, and let the whole simmer a few minutes. She then thickened with two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirred smooth in a little cold water, added a generous lump of butter, and seasoned rather highly with pepper, and a little salt. A shallow biscuit pan was lined with pie-crust, the meat poured in, covered with a top crust, and placed aside until time to bake for dinner. While Katie was preparing vegetables to cook, Elsie prepared the mock mince pies. Two sour milk biscuits were soaked in cold water until soft, then taken from the water and mashed fine. She then added a half cupful of vinegar, one-half cupful of molasses, one cupful each of sugar and raisins, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one scant teaspoonful of cloves, half a grated nutmeg, a piece of butter the size of a butternut, and half a teaspoonful of salt. This was placed on the stove until thoroughly heated, adding while heating, enough hot water to make the mixture of the consistency of mince meat. When it had cooled somewhat, she filled pie plates, lined with crust, covered with top crust, and baked until slightly browned. The rice fritters next claimed Elsie's attention. For the fritters, she took a teacupful of cold, boiled rice, mashed it very fine, added two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of flour, a pinch of salt, and enough sweet milk to make a batter as thick as for griddle cakes. This was put aside until time to fry, and the soup was placed upon the stove, with a quart of water. When heated to near the boiling point, Elsie grated two potatoes, two onions, two carrots, and added to the soup, with a little salt, pepper and parsley and let it boil slowly until ready to serve, when it was poured into a tureen, upon slices of toasted bread. For the cod-fish salad, the fish was picked fine, half a small head of cabbage, chopped, not too fine, was mixed thoroughly with the fish. When ready to serve, a mayonnaise dressing, was poured over the fish and cabbage. Elsie's deft fingers prepared the mayonnaise, after the following recipe. Mash very fine, the yolks of two hard boiled eggs; add two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, or melted butter; a pinch of dry mustard, or a teaspoonful of made mustard, pepper and salt to taste. Add slowly six tablespoonfuls of good vinegar, and stir well together, and after mixing the finely cut whites through the salad, pour over the Mayonnaise dressing. Elsie had several times made salad under her aunt's directions, and she acquired, by practice, a skill in mixing and seasoning, without which no salad can be a success. When all her preparations for the meal were completed, Elsie surveyed the table with satisfation. "My bill of fare is quite elaborate. Vegetable soup, mutton pie, mashed potatoes, stewed carrots, cold-fish salad; bread, butter, etc., mock mince pie, and rice fritters, with hard sauce, of one cupful of sugar, and half a cupful of butter, rubbed together with a little grated nutmeg, and all from a few fragments left from yesterday's dinner."—"A really delicious dinner," was the verdict of the family, as they arose from the dinner table. "Everything well cooked and enjoyable. Which is more than can be said of many dinners, cooked and prepared, not from fragments, but from abundant material," was Mr. Maton's observation. And Katie, washing dishes, observed: "Sure, it's a foine thing to have the larnin', so yo can cook a good dinner out of nothing at all, at all."—*American Agriculturist.*

## CARE OF THE EYES.

The disregard of the general laws of health and well-being is wide-spread and alarming; but no one phase of physiological carelessness is so pronounced as the misuse and abuse of the eyes, those delicate organisms on which so much depends. A few practical rules with which every one should already be familiar, but unfortunately is not, are published amid other matter relating to eyes in *Cassell's Family Magazine*:

1. Sit erect in your chair when reading, and as erect when writing as possible. If you bend downwards, you not only gorge the eyes with blood, but the brain as well, and both suffer. The same rule should apply to the use of the microscope. Get one that will enable you to look at things horizontally, not always vertically.

2. Have a reading-lamp for night use. N. B.—In reading, the light should be on the book or paper, and the eyes in the shade. If you have no reading-lamp, turn your back to the light, and you may read without danger to the eyes.

3. Hold the book at your focus; if that begins to go far away, get spectacles.

4. Avoid reading by the flickering light of the fire.

5. Avoid straining the eyes by reading in the gloaming.

6. Reading in bed is injurious as a rule. It must be admitted, however, that in cases of sleeplessness, when the mind is inclined to ramble over a thousand thoughts a minute, reading steadies the thoughts and conduces to sleep.

7. Do not read much in a railway carriage. I myself always do, however, only in a good light, and I invariably carry a good reading-lamp to hook on behind me. Thousands of people would travel by night rather than by day if the companies could only see their way to the exclusive use of the electric light.

8. Authors should have black-ruled paper instead of blue, and should never strain the eyes by reading too fine types.

9. The bedroom blinds should be red or gray, and the head of the bed should be towards the window.

10. Those ladies who not only write, but sew, should not attempt black seam by night.

11. When you come to an age that suggests the wearing of spectacles, let no false modesty prevent you getting a pair. If you have only one eye, an eye-glass will do; otherwise it is folly.

12. Go to the wisest and best optician you know of, and state your wants and your case plainly, and be assured you will be properly fitted.

13. Remember that bad spectacles are most injurious to the eyes, and that good and well-chosen ones are a decided luxury.

14. Get a pair for reading with, and, if necessary, a long-distance pair for use out-of-doors.

Let me add that it is the greatest mistake in the world to wait till your eyesight is actually damaged before visiting your optician.

POTATO SALAD.—Boil the potatoes in their jackets. When cold remove the peel, slice the potatoes thin, add half an onion, chopped fine, sprinkle with pepper and salt, moisten with vinegar and sweet oil; two parts of vinegar to one of oil. Add these gradually. Lay lettuce leaves around the dish, and either use chopped parsley or put some little sprigs about the salad. Keep the salad in a cool place till used. It should not stand many hours.

## PUZZLES—NO. 20.

ENIGMA.

In saw but not in look,
In pin but not in hook,
In true but not in lie,
In mine but not in my
In near but not in far,
In some but not in few,
In grass but not in dew,
My whole is the name of a weekly paper.

E. McI.

GOSPEL ENIGMA.

I'm in forest, frost and fire,
I'm in viol, lute and lyre,
I'm in earnest, zeal and jest,
I'm in jealous, fear and zest,
I'm in fury, froth and foam,
I'm in wander, romp and roam,
I'm in one, in two and four,
I'm in might, in main and more,
I'm in cider, ink and wine,
I'm in dinner, drink and dine,
I'm in borrowed, bought and sold,
I'm in silver, lead and gold,
I'm in heaven, hades and earth,
I'm in housetop, stairs and hearth,
I'm in river, ground and tree,
I'm in yonder, yard and key.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

PI.

Reda ot eb tihgr
Drea to eb rtou
Hle allfnisg fo tohres
Nac enver vase yuo.

CHARADE.

My 1st is made of corn that's ground,
My 2nd in every house is found.
My whole just peeps above the ground,
And wears a little cap that's round.

EDITH McINNES.

GOSPEL ENIGMA.

I'm in water and in flame,
I'm in boasting and in blame,
I'm in sister and in friend,
I'm in hinder and in send,
I'm in middle and in end,
I'm in righteousness and sin,
I'm in neighbor and in kin,
I'm in November, and in May,
I'm in sorry and in gay,
I'm in holiness and love,
I'm in ocean and in grove,
I'm in virtue and in vice,
I'm in wretched and in nice.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

### PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Answers have been received from Hannah E. Greene, Sammie T. Thompson (very good lists). Let all the puzzlers send in puzzles for this department.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 19.

ENIGMA.—"Labor not to be rich."—Prov. 2:3-4.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS.—M-are, p-art, t-rain, g-lare, lad-y, pit-y, are-a, (thin-g.

PUZZLING ADVERB.—No-where, now-here.

CONCEALED AUTHORS.—Southey, Pope, Moore, Addison, Stowe.

SQUARE.—

R E B E L
E L A T E
B A T H E
E T H E R
L E E R S

## The Family Circle.

### LITTLE MADGE'S WINDOW-GARDEN.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

When lying at night on a couch of pain,
'Tis strange how each trivial thing
Will often, with clasp like the ivy's grasp,
To an old man's memory cling!
And here as I lie with the nurse asleep,
And the chamber quiet and still,
My mind brings back from a score of years
Little Madge and her window-sill.

Right back of my room was a tenement house,
On a level my eyes could see,
As after my dinner I took my rest,
A sight that was pleasant to me,
A weakling child with a pallid face—
A little bit lame she seemed—
Who bent o'er a treasure of treasures to her,
Like one who in asking dreamed,

A garden it was on a window-sill,
The queerest that ever was seen—
Three plants in some battered tomato-cans,
And never a one that was green.
And she looked at them all so lovingly there,
And watered and tended them so,
I knew she was filled with an earnest hope
That the withered old sticks would grow.

My interest heightened as every day
The child to the window-sill came,
The twigs still shriveled and void of life,
Though she tended them all the same;
Till I well remember one beautiful morn
How a look sympathetic I cast,
When I heard her exclaim to her mother within
That a bud made a showing at last.

"'Tis the easiet thing for a well-to-do man
When 'twill pleasure a poor sickly child,
To give her a beautiful plant to tend"—
I said to myself, and I smiled;
So straightway I ordered a florist to send
A double geranium fine
To the little lame girl in the tenement house,
But not as a present of mine.

And after my dinner was over next day,
To my window I went to see,
And there my double geranium stood
To the right of her withered three.
There, gazing in pride on its blossoms of red,
The pale little girl bending o'er,
Looked as though she had come to good fortune at last,
With nothing to look for more.

Sometimes on a Sunday a bearded man,
With a pipe in his mouth a-light,
Would stand at her shoulder and something say
To show he was pleased at the sight.
But I felt quite sure in my innermost heart,
And the thought set my pulses astir,
That less did he care for the fine, showy flower,
Than the pleasure it gave unto her.

How she showered the dust from its emerald leaves!
And oh! with what perfect delight,
She watched as the tiny and wonderful buds
Their petals unfolded to sight!
And when she coquettishly turned round her head,
And looked at her treasure and smiled,
I thought of how little 'twould cost to the rich
To pleasure some innocent child.

On a tour for the summer I started away.
And my business cares left behind;
The pleasure of travel soon drove every trace
Of the tenement child from my mind;
But when I returned to the city at last,
In my heart was an ominous thrill.
When I looked from my window when dinner was done
At the opposite window-sill.

The geranium stood in its place of pride;
The other three plants had leaved;
A wan little woman in black was there,
With the face of a woman that grieved.
The bearded man I had seen before,
When something the woman had said,
Looked down on the plants with a vacant air,
And mournfully nodded his head.

I soon learned the name of the child they had lost,
I found where her body it lay,
With a low wooden cross at the head of the grave,
And the green turf over the clay.
And somehow, it soothes me a little to-night,
Although such a trivial thing,
That I planted each year a geranium
At her head in the days of the spring.
—*N. Y. Independent.*

### HOW DORA LOOKED OUT FOR HERSELF.

BY JESSIE H. BROWN.

I feel myself blushing whenever I think of it, but it's actually true—I didn't want to take that pledge! When Frank Buxton read it, at our first meeting, and I learned what was expected of a member of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, I trembled all over. It seems to me that I can hear Frank reading now, in his slow serious way.

"'Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for help, I promise him that I will strive to do whatever he would like to have me do; that I will pray to him and read the Bible every day, and that, just as far as I know how, throughout my whole life I will endeavor to lead a Christian life. As an active member I promise to be true to all my duties, to be present at and take some part, aside from singing, in every meeting unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master Jesus Christ. If obliged to be absent from the monthly consecration meeting, I will, if possible, send an excuse for absence to the society.'"

I seem to have the pledge by heart, you say. Why, yes; I hope I have it truly by heart. At least I've taken some hard lessons upon it.

After he had read the pledge, Frank—he's nineteen, and he's studying for the ministry—laid down the paper, and said: "You have heard what the pledge is, and you know what it means. Let us think seriously over the matter for a moment."

The room was as still as the grave for one long minute, then Frank said: "How many of those present will unite to form a Society of Christian Endeavor?"

Of the thirty young people who had come together to hear about the new society, how many do you suppose held up their hands? Just two—Frank Buxton and Evelyn Grey!

Frank looked disappointed, and I suppose the rest of us looked ashamed. We ought to have looked so, if we didn't. But in the one moment that Frank had given us to "think seriously over the matter, we had thought of so many things! I had said to myself, "Dora Howard, please to consider what an absurd Christian Endeavorer you would make! You know you don't wait to read your Bible, when the weather is cold and there is no fire in your room. And you know that the night you stayed at Aunt Julia's, and she gave a New Year's party in your honor, you never even prayed, but just tumbled into bed and went right straight off to sleep. And you know that in the two years you've been a member of the Church you haven't been to prayer-meeting oftener than once a month, and you've never taken part, even by reading one little verse!" You see, it's no wonder that I blush when I remember that night.

Frank Buxton sat down, and Evelyn Grey got up. When any good cause seems perfectly hopeless, we expect Evelyn to come to the rescue. She is just that kind of girl.

"I am very sorry," she said with a sad little quiver in her voice. "We have heard so much of the good work which the Society of Christian Endeavor has done in other places, that I thought we should all be inspired to undertake the same work here. Is it because of the pledge that you hesitate? I don't think there is one of you but could learn to take part in these meetings. You can at least read a few verses from the Bible. And as for speaking—you can all speak in praise of your earthly friends. Is it too much to ask that you speak "one little word for Jesus'?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Ned Andrews—he always does blunder upon the most dreadful things!—spoke up: "Why Miss Grey, we'd never keep a pledge that required us to read the Bible every day."

Then Evelyn looked so sweet and puzzled—she's so good herself, that she doesn't realize how careless boys and girls can be.

"Why, she said, "I never thought that that part of the pledge would cause anyone to hesitate. I thought every Christian"—then she stopped short, afraid of hurting somebody's feelings.

We all felt more ashamed of ourselves than ever, but Ned was manly enough to say, outright:

"Well, I'll try it. I'm afraid I'll forget sometimes; but perhaps the pledge is just what I need to keep me reminded."

And then I spoke.

"I'll try it too," I said. "But I know I can never learn to speak in meeting."

"You have spoken now, at any rate, and to good purpose." Evelyn said, her face getting bright all of a sudden.

Then there was a general breaking over, and twenty-two of us signed the constitution and organized a Society of Christian Endeavor, with Frank as president and Evelyn as secretary. I was made chairman of the Lookout Committee—I who knew that I should have a great deal more than I could possibly do to look out for myself!

It was then that the battle began. I had no trouble, of course, to keep that part of the pledge which refers to daily prayer. I had never forgotten but the once before, and I have never forgotten since I took the pledge. One night, though, when I had been a member of the Christian Endeavor Society only a few weeks, I went to bed without having read my daily chapter. I had just shut my eyes, and was giving myself up to sleep, when I remembered. "Oh, dear," I said, "I am so tired! I'll read two chapters to-morrow night." But I couldn't go to sleep. I got up, lighted the gas, and read the story of how Jesus, when he sat faint and tired, beside Jacob's well, forgot hunger and weariness in telling a poor sinful woman of true worship. And I all but despised myself when I remembered how, a few moments before, I had tried to make weariness an excuse for neglecting my duty to him.

I had thought that I couldn't take part in a prayer-meeting. At the first meeting held by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, I sat and trembled for about fifteen minutes, before I found courage to read a verse. But after that first time it seemed to be easier, and I began to flatter myself that it would not be so hard, after all, to keep the pledge.

But alas and alas! The time for our monthly consecration meeting came. And of all times in the year, it fell upon the very night that the Vocal Society gave its annual concert. I had looked forward to this concert for six months—not because I haven't heard the Vocal Society over and over again, but because the famous Miss Meredith, of B——, was to sing two solos. She had never visited Lesport but once before, and that was when I was down with scarlet fever. Now, it seemed to me that I must hear her. But—the consecration meeting! The words of the pledge I had taken kept ringing in my ears: "Unless hindered by some reason that I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master Jesus Christ." Could I tell him about the concert, and plead it as an excuse? I tried to think I could. I told myself that the grand music would fill me with noble thoughts, and help me to be a better girl. But I knew all the time that it wouldn't, if I had neglected my duty in order to hear it.

My brother Tom was going to the concert, and offered to take me with him.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said, "if you'll go with me to the consecration meeting, I'll go with you to the concert."

Tom laughed at the idea of his going to a consecration meeting, and asked my sister Carrie to go with him to the concert in my place.

"Oh, dear," I thought, "it's dreadfully hard to be good! Girls in story books seem to get the reward of their goodness as they go; but it doesn't turn out that way in my case."

Well, I went to the consecration meeting. There were nearly one hundred present, for our society had already doubled its membership, and many of the older people had dropped in so see how the young folks were getting along.

Evelyn Grey led the devotional exercises at the beginning of the meeting. She seems to live somewhere in the border regions, where she can reach up into the next world and down into this; and generally, when I hear Evelyn read the Bible and pray, I feel a kind of holy calm stealing over me. But it wasn't so to night. I kept thinking how glorious Miss Meredith's singing would be and how I was to lose it all, until I began to feel I was a greater sufferer than all the heroes of Fox's Book of Martys, put together.

Then Evelyn began to call the roll. The names were arranged alphabetically, and it was some time before the H's were reached. I had my verse all ready to read—for I hadn't as yet an idea of speaking any words of my own.

Ned Andrews was the first one called upon. I was sure that he wouldn't do more than read a verse; but, to my surprise he arose, and said:

"I don't like to say that I've improved during the past month, for if I have, the fact ought to show itself to you all in my conduct. But I do want to say this much: that the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor has helped me to want to be better. For the first time since I've been a member of the church, I've read my Bible every day for a month. And certainly reading the Bible ought to make a fellow a little better."

It was a very boyish speech, but it did us all good. For the first time that night, I forgot Miss Meredith's singing, and thought of all the good and blessing that had come to me through the Society of Christian Endeavor.

By-and-by, as one earnest testimony after another was given, I began to wish that I dared speak. Why couldn't I? I had been a Christian twice as long as Ned had. I resolved to try.

The last name before mine was Evelyn Grey's. I thought she would speak three or four minutes; but she merely told, in two sentences, how much good she had had from the Society of Christian Endeavor. Before I realized it, my name had been called and I was on my feet. I looked across the room, into the corner where the older people sat, to steady myself and think what to say first. And there, on the back seat, sat papa!

I was never more astonished in my life. Papa was a member of the church, and a kind, big-hearted man whom everybody liked, but he wasn't exactly what you'd call a prayer-meeting Christian. He always said he was too tired, after his busy day, to go to a week-night meeting. What had brought him out to-night, I couldn't even guess.

I turned away, and looked into Evelyn's dear, peaceful face; but the pretty little speech I had thought out was gone from me, and I only said:

"When this society was organized, I was made chairman of the Lookout Committee. I own that I've had so much to do to look out for myself that I haven't had much time to look out for other people, as yet. But I've found the experience very improving, and perhaps the knowledge I've gained in this way may be useful when I come to look out for the rest of you."

After the meeting papa came up. "Hustle on your wraps, little girl! he said, picking up my raglan and almost thrusting my arms into it.

"Why?" I asked in fright. "Is anyone hurt or sick?"

"No." Papa drew out two reserved seat tickets for the concert. "I thought I wouldn't let my little Dora miss the singing because she was woman enough to stand up to her duty. It's only half-past eight—we shall be in good time for the first solo."

I had nearly forgotten about the concert but still I was glad to go—especially with dear old papa.

So, I heard Miss Meredith, after all, and of course I enjoyed it, though her voice is dreadfully thin on the high notes. And we are all prayer-meeting Christians at our house now. Papa says that consecration meeting had something to do with bringing this about—though I don't understand how that could have been.—*Christian Standard.*

### IF ANY WOULD BE GREAT.

He that utterly despises the world shall rise above the world; he that does not fear to be made a slur, can become more potent than a king; if any man would be great among you, let him be your servant. —*F. W. Farrar.*

## HOW THE PENNY WENT TO THE SHILLING.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I hav' worruked fer yer stiddy fer a week this toime, an' ye's afther owin' me tin dollars," said the little County Clare Irishman, Dennis Ryan, to the wealthy mill-owner and Christian gentleman, Colonel Porter.

"Yes, Dennis, you have done well this week. Now, if you will keep on at work through the month, I will pay you at the same rate. Then, if you keep sober, I will give you a steady job in the card-room at increased wages. The ten dollars now due to you I will give to your wife; she will use the money for your good and that of your family."

"Is it that, thin, sor? No mon shall shall have the spindin' of my own wage; it's the tin dollars I'm afther wantin' now, for some flour an' mate an' terbaccy."

"Here is one dollar, Dennis, but don't go down to that rum-shop with it, my man; and be on hand bright and early Monday morning."

"Yis, sor, yer honor," and with a bow the bullet-headed, but not unpleasant visaged, little man left the counting-room of his employer, only to return in an hour clamoring for the nine dollars due him.

"What has become of the dollar I paid you just now, my poor fellow?" asked Colonel Porter, good-naturedly.

"Och, an' I don't moind tellin', sor, at all. I wint to Jack Sullivan's place for me terbaccy, an' 'tis there the shillin' goes to the pinny; an' here is the pinny, sor, the only one I hav' now, sor."

"You have had too much whiskey to-night already, Dennis," said the mill-owner, kindly. "Should I pay you the nine dollars now, you would be good for *nothing for two weeks*. Now, Dennis, I'll tell you what I will do. I don't like to see that fat, hog-eyed Jack Sullivan get away so much of the money I pay to my men. I will give you the balance of the ten dollars in land. You shall have that little three-corner lot at the fork of the brooks up the village. You couldn't get that down your throat if you should try, Dennis."

"Sure, sor, an' its jokin' yees are. The bit of oiland ye're afther spakin' av, the same owld ugly shpot o' ground the byes call the *'Thriangle,'* is all a hape o' stones. Yer honor would nivir be chatin' a poor mon out o' his wage that way?"

"Go to work, you and your boys, my man, and pick up and wheel off the stones in a leisure hour, now and then, instead of gossiping and brawling in front of Jack Sullivan's bar. Under those stones you'll find *plenty of good mellow land*; it was a piece of fine grass meadow before the flood a few years ago, when my dam above there gave way and sent them rattling down upon it. It will make a nice little homestead for yourself and your growing family. And just think of the sound of it to say *may be* the making of you and your boys and girls. You have made a great bargain. This village in good time is going to be a city. There are enough good sound timbers on the lot to make the frame of a comfortable little house, and sufficient drift-wood there to keep you in fuel for a year, all of which your kind employer gave you in the deed. The stones you can utilize in laying a foundation and building a good front wall and terrace. You needn't touch whiskey again, for there is no drink in the whole country so good as the water of "Cold Brooks."

"It's the truth yees afther spakin' now, Mister Lawyer," said Dennis, confidently, shaking the counsellor's hand, and started for his not over-cleanly and hardly habitable tenement in that part of the village called "Tough End," very much elated over the fact that he was a "land-owner in America."

. . . . . .

A dozen years passed, and the lively little village had grown into a bustling borough. Lawyer Jameson, who had removed from the State a month after drawing up that deed which made Dennis a land-owner now returned for the first time, on a brief visit.

Noticing the changes of the borough, his eye fell upon a sign by a *small shop*—"Dennis Ryan, Vegetables, Fruit, Fish, Butter, Eggs." "This is the place Jack Sullivan used to occupy," said Mr. Jameson to himself. "This is an improvement, and no mistake Dennis Ryan—Dennis Ryan—the name seems familiar."

Just then he met a bright-looking, breezy little man driving up *with a load of large*, crisp early cabbages. Drawing up his reins, he called out: "Good-morning, Mr. Ryan!

"Have I indeed grown so very old in appearance that my former good friends and neighbors fail to recognize me?" asked the gentleman laughing.

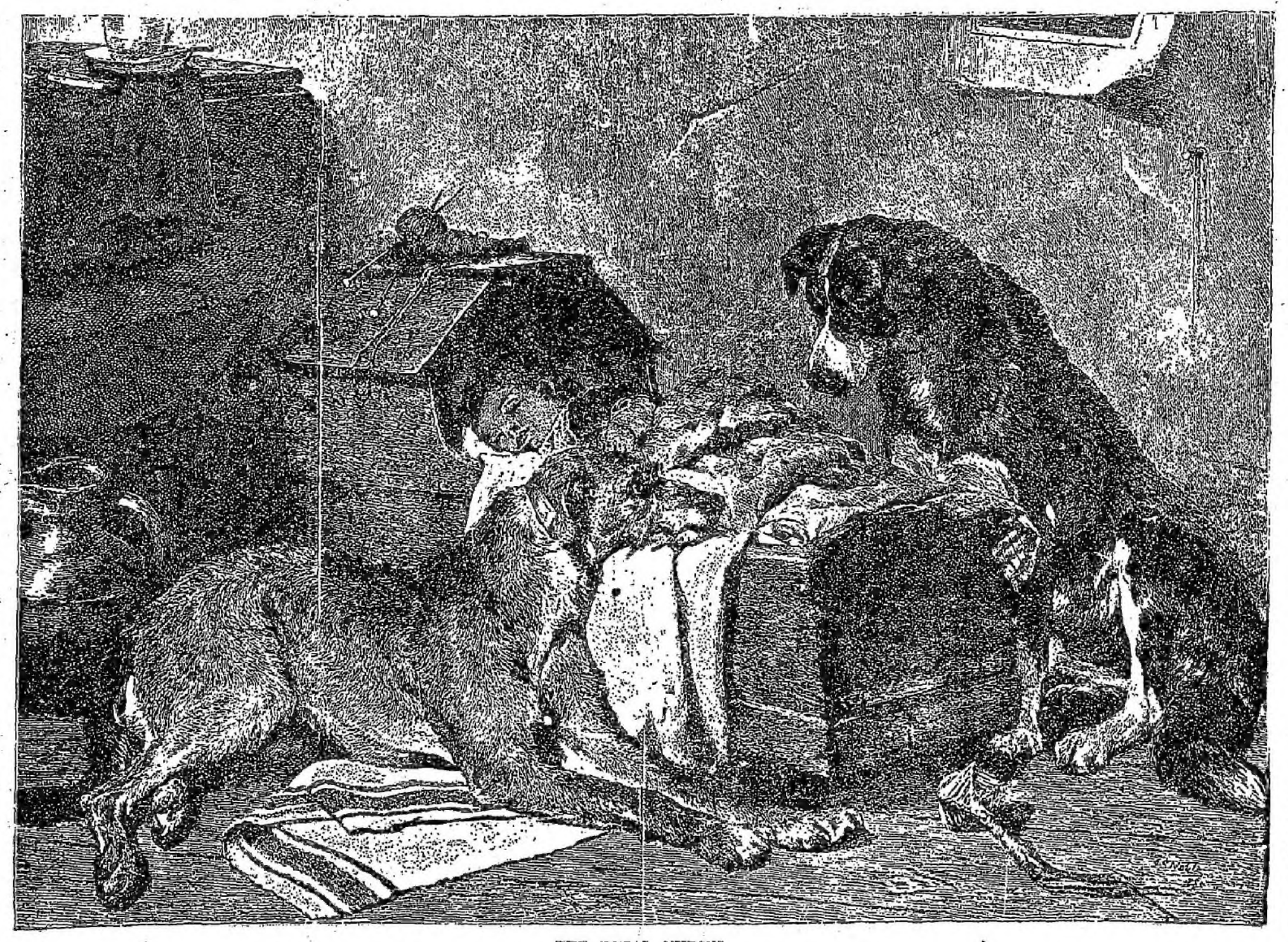
"Och! an' by me sowl, sor, it's the laugh lets ye out, Mister Lawyer Jameson. An' it's blissin' the Lord I am that he lets me set eyes on ye ouct more. It was ye an' the Colonel—God rist his sowl—*that* made a mon av poor whiskey-drinkin' Dennis Ryan. It was ye two gentlemen that put a bit av hope into meself. An' won't your honor be afther drivin' up wid me an' takin' a *look at the nine-dollar* bit o' land that I couldn't get down me t'roat?

"There, Mister Lawyer Jameson, d'ye see that now?" as, having driven up to the head of the street, they came to Dennis's lot of land, which now lay before them like an emerald, set in its border of gray stone and rippling water. "I remimbered all ye towld me," went on Dennis, "We picked up the stones betwixt whiles an' built the wall wid thim, an' put up the house wid the wage at the mill—an' a snug, comfortable house *it is*.

"Me childer have all grown up honest an' dacint, an' here was wather enough for us to kape us clean, an' to drink besides; an' sure, while we stopped at home and worruked, nothin' bad came over the brook to us. Now we have the best garden for vigetables and small fruit in the borough, an' sells them at our own shop. Whin a lad in the owld country mony's the salmon I've killed in the Shannon; an' havin' a loikin' for fish meself, we deal a bit in them, and eyesters besides. An' thin I've a good trade in butter an' eggs."

"You are a public benefactor, Mr. Ryan," said Mr. Jameson, as they drove back down the hill. "You have made the desert blossom like the rose, and you have brought up a sober, honest, industrious family. But what has become of Jack Sullivan, who used to draw you poor flies of laboring men into his tools?"

"Oh, your honor, bad luck came to him afther a while, an' he's at the poor-farm beyant the borough, widout a frind or a pinny in the worruld."—*Golden Rule.*



THE RIVAL NURSES.

## THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

### CHAPTER III.—TWO 'PRENTICE HANDS AT PHILANTHROPY.

"With aching hands and bleeding feet,
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of night return,
All we have built do we discern."

Patsy had scarcely gone when the door opened again the least bit, and a sunny face looked in, that of my friend and helper.

"Not gone yet, Kate?"

"No, but I thought I sent you away long ago."

"Yes, I know, but I've been to see Danny Kern's mother: there is nothing to be done; we must do our best and leave it there. Was that a boy I met on the stairs?"

"Yes,—that is, he is a boy in the sense that he is not a girl. Oh, Helen, such a story! We must take him!"

She sank helplessly on one of the children's tables. "Now, my dear guide, philosopher, and friend, did you happen to notice my babies this morning? They were legion! Our mothers must have heard that the flower mission intended giving us some Thanksgiving dinners, for there were our five inevitable little cat's paws,—the identical five that applied just before the Christmas tree, disappeared in vacation, turned up the day before we went to the Mechanics' Fair, were lost to sight the day after, presented themselves previous to the Woodward's Garden expedition, and then went into retirement till to-day. Where am I going to 'sit' another child, pray? They were two in a seat and a dozen on the floor this morning. It isn't fair to them, in one sense, for they don't get half enough attention."

"You are right, dear; work half done is worse than wasted; but it isn't fair to this child to leave him where he is."

"Oh, I know. I feel Fridayish, to tell the truth. I shall love humanity again by Monday. Have we money for more chairs or benches?"

"Certainly not."

"You'll have to print an appeal for chairs; and the children may wear out the floor sitting on it before the right people read it!"

"Yes; and oh, Helen, a printed appeal is such a dead thing, after all. If I could only fix on a printed page Danny Kern's smile when he conquered his temper yesterday, put into type that hand clasp of Mrs. Finnigan's that sent such a thrill of promise to our hearts, show a subscriber Mrs. Guinee's quivering lips when she thanked us for the change in Joe,—why, we shouldn't need money very long."

"That is true. What a week we have had, Kate,—like a little piece of the millennium!"

"You must not be disappointed if next week isn't as good; that could hardly be. Let's see,—Mrs. Daniels began it on Monday morning, didn't she, by giving the caps for the boys?"

"Yes," groaned Helen dismally, "a generous but misguided benefactress! Forty-three caps precisely alike save as to size! What scenes of carnage we shall witness when we distribute them three times a day!"

"We must remedy that by sewing labels into the crowns, each marked with the child's name in indelible ink."

"Exactly,—what a charming task! I shall have to write my cherubs' names, I suppose,—most of them will take a yard of tape apiece. I already recall Paulina Strozynski, Mercedes McGafferty, and Sigismund Braunschweiger.'

"And I, Maria Virginia de Rejas Perkins, Halfdan Christiansen, and Americo Vespucci Garibaldi."

"This is our greatest misfortune since the donation of the thirty-seven little red plaid shawls. Well, good-night. By the way, what's his name?"

"Patsy Dennis. I shall take him. I'll tell you more on Monday. Please step into Gilbert's and buy a comfortable little cane-seated armchair, larger than these, and ask one of your good Samaritans to make a soft cushion for it. We'll give him the table that we made for Johnny Cass. Poor Johnny! I am sorry he has a successor so soon."

In five minutes I was taking my homeward walk, mind and heart full of my elfish visitor, with his strange and ancient thoughts, his sharp speeches and queer fancies. Would he ever come back, or would one of those terrible spasms end his life before I was permitted to help and ease his crooked body, or pour a bit of mother-love into his starved little heart?

*(To be Continued.)*

## "NIPPED IN THE BUD."

"Very forward," was the criticism said to have been made by Her Majesty, the Queen of England, on the occasion of the presentation of one of our most beautiful American girls.

Said a distinguished English gentleman, a few years ago, "Her Majesty seems to attend very strictly to the matter in hand, but there is not a trick of manner or a detail of dress that escapes her notice. Her intuitions are so keen, and the value that she sets on modesty is so great, her interest in the young so sincere, that she has become a famous reader of character.

"The Queen detests a flirt, and she can detect one of these specimens almost at a glance. Neither velvet, nor satin, nor precious stones can cast sufficient glamor over a tendency of this kind to hide it from these truly motherly eyes."

It is said that one day when Her Majesty was present in her carriage at a military review, the Princess Royal, then about fourteen, seemed disposed to be a little familiar and possibly, slightly coquettish, in thoughtless, girlish fashion, with the young officers of the guard. The Queen tried to catch her daughter's eye, but the gay uniforms were too attractive, and the little princess paid no attention to the silent endeavors of her mother.

At last, in a spirit of fun, she capped the climax of her misdemeanors by dropping her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, and the Queen saw that it was not an accident. Immediately two or three gentlemen sprang from their horses to return it to her, but the hand of royalty waved them off.

"Thank you, but it is not necessary," said Her Majesty. "Leave it just where it lies," and then turning to her daughter, she said, "Now I must ask you to get down and pick up your handkerchief."

"But, mamma—"

The little princess's face was scarlet, and her lip quivered with shame.

"Yes, immediately," said the Queen.

The royal footman had opened the door and stood waiting by the side of the carriage, and the poor, mortified little girl was obliged to step down and rescue her own handkerchief.

This was hard, but it was salutary, and probably nipped in the bud the girl's first impulse toward coquetry. American mothers would do well to follow so meritorious and notable an example.

Her Majesty has spoken very plain and sensible words to the British nobility in regard to the education and management of their girls, and on the subjects of flirtation and immodest dressing she is eloquent.

"I had no idea that the Queen observed my harmless coquetry," said a young lady whose mother had been spoken to by Her Majesty.

"I have no doubt it was harmless," replied the Princess Alice, who was the embodiment of kindess and sympathy, and yet who never hesitated to speak the truth, "but it was certainly thoughtless and unbecoming. It would not be safe for any of us to be coquettish," she added, with a smile.

"But I was not aware that Her Majesty ever looked at me after the first formality was over," the young English girl responded, dubiously.

The princess's smile deepened into a laugh, as she said, "Let me tell you just one thing, my dear: the Queen of England has not one pair of eyes, but fifty, and those in the back of her head are marvels."
—*Exchange.*

## THE WAKE-UP STORY.

The sun was up and the breeze was blowing, and the five chicks and four geese and three rabbits and two kitties and one little dog were just as noisy and lively as they knew how to be.

They were all watching for Baby Ray to appear at the window, but he was still fast asleep in his little white bed, while mamma was making ready the things he would need when he should wake up.

First she went along the orchard path as far as the old wooden pump, and said, "Good Pump, will you give me some nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.

Then she went a little further on the path, and stopped at the woodpile, and said, "Good Chips, the pump has given me nice, clear water for dear little Ray; will you come and warm the water and cook his food?"

And the chips were willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath,
And the clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.

So mamma went on till she came to the barn, and then said, "Good Cow, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the woodpile has given me clean, white chips for dear little Ray; will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow was willing.

Then she said to the top-knot hen that was scratching in the straw, "Good Biddy, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk for dear little Ray; will you give me a new-laid egg?"

And the hen was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath,
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food,
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
And the top-knot biddy an egg new and white.

Then mamma went on till she came to the orchard, and said to a Red-June apple-tree, "Good Tree, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk, and the hen has given me a new-laid egg for dear little Ray; will you give me a pretty red apple?"

And the tree was willing.

So mamma took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house, and there was baby Ray in his night-gown looking out of the window.

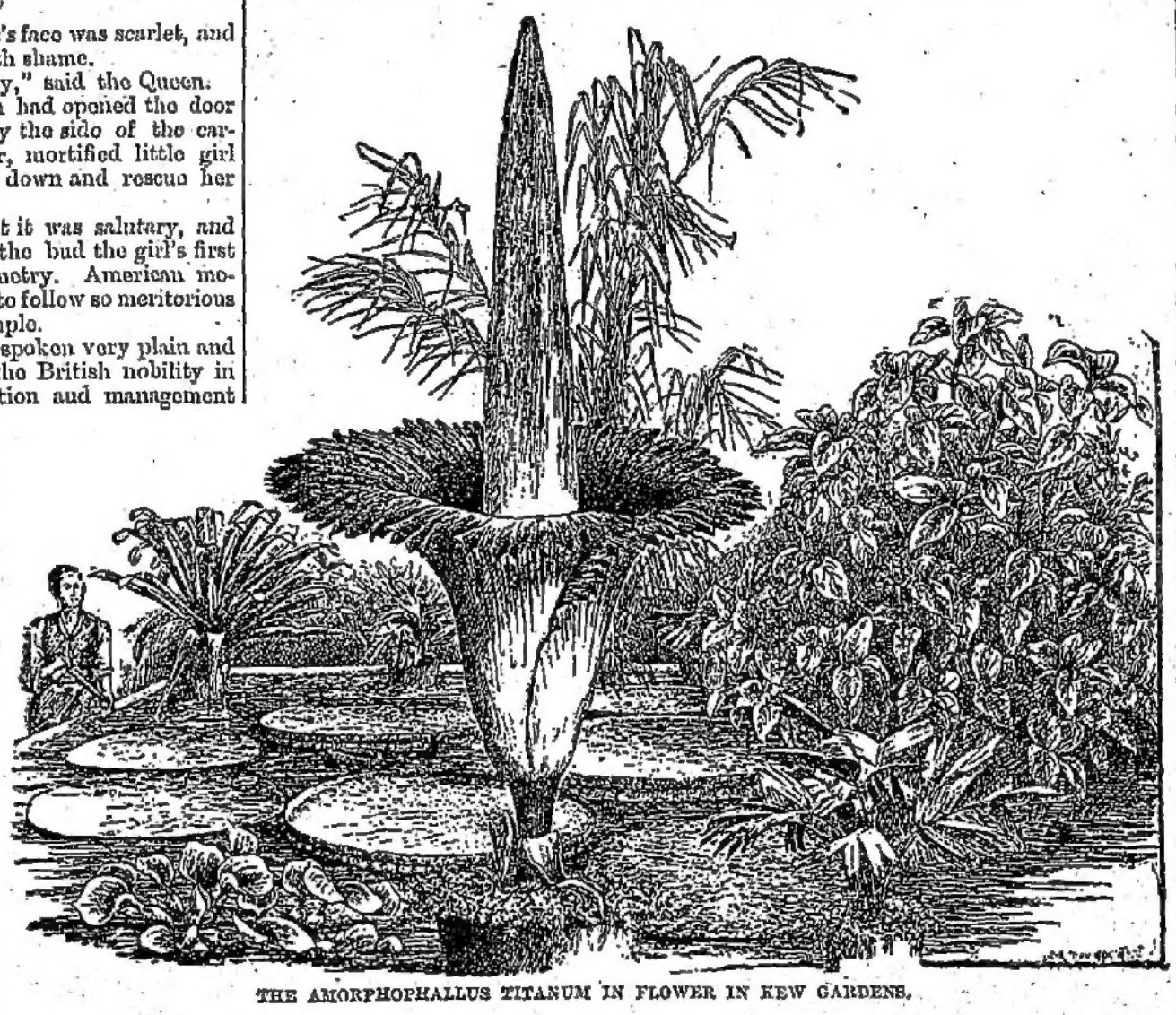
And she kissed him and bathed him and dressed him, and while she brushed and curled his soft, brown hair she told him the Wake-up story that I am telling you.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath,
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food,
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
The top-knot biddy an egg new and white,
And the tree gave an apple, so round and so red,
For dear little Ray who was just out of bed.
—*Youth's Companion.*

## A GIANT LILY.

Scientific botanists have watched with interest the flowering of this gigantic aroid in the Water-Lily Tank at Kew Gardens, where it occupies a place beside the Victoria Regia, under the care of Mr. Watson, the Assistant-Curator. This extraordinary plant was discovered in 1878 by Dr. O. Beccari, the Italian botanist, in Sumatra. Seeds of it were raised by him in the Botanical Garden at Florence, and a little seedling was forwarded to Kew, in a three-inch pot. It has made a leaf annually, and has grown to imposing dimensions, though not equal to its full stature in Sumatra, where the leaf-stalk measured 10 ft. high and 3 ft. in circumference, while the size of the leaf-blade was 45 ft. in circumference. The leaf-stalk, or stem, is of a green color mottled with white or yellowish spots, bearing at the summit a huge leaf-blade, divided primarily into three main branches, and subsequently into a mass of smaller ones, the ultimate subdivisions being ovate-lanceolate. The spathe is thrown up from the tuber at a different period, and its shape, also named "Conophallus," has given a distinguishing name to the plant. It made its appearance, at half-past eight in the evening, on Friday, June 21, and has since been viewed with curiosity by many visitors to the Gardens. The flower stands nearly 6 ft. high. Our illustration is from a drawing by Mr. J. Allen.—*Illustrated London News.*

For God has marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.
—*William Cullen Bryant*



THE AMORPHOPHALLUS TITANUM IN FLOWER IN KEW GARDENS.

## PHUSSANDPHRET.

Have you heard of the land called Phussandphret,
Where the people live upon woes and regret?
Its climate is bad, I have heard folks say,
There's seldom, if ever, a pleasant day.
'Tis either too gloomy from clouded skies,
Or so bright the sunshine dazzles one's eyes;
'Tis either so cold one is all of a chill,
Or else 'tis so warm it makes one ill;
The season is either too damp or too dry,
*And mildew or drought* is always nigh.
For nothing that ever happened yet
Was just as it should be in Phussandphret.

And the children—it really makes me sad
To think they never look happy and glad,
It is "O, dear me!" until school is done,
And 'tis then, "There never is time for fun?"
Their teachers are cross, they all declare,
And examinations are never fair.
Each little duty they are apt to shirk
Because they're tired or 'tis too hard work.

Every one is as grave as an owl,
And has pouting lips or a gloomy scowl;
The voices whine and the eyes are wet
In this doleful country of Phussandphret.
Now if ever you find your feet are set
On the down-hill road into Phussandphret,
Turn and travel the other way
Or you never will know a happy day.
Follow some cheerful face—'twill guide
To the land of Look-at-the-Pleasant-side.
Then something bright you will always see,
No matter how dark the way may be,
You'll smile at your tasks and laugh in your dreams,
And learn that no ill is as bad as it seems,

So lose no time, but haste to get
As far as you can from Phussandphret.
—*Anna N. Pratt, in Our Youth.*

## THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

### CHAPTER IV.—BEHIND THE SCENES.

Some children are like little human scrawl-books, blotted all over with the sins and mistakes of their ancestors.

Monday morning came, as mornings do come, bringing to the overworked body and mind a certain languor difficult to shake off. As I walked down the dirty little street, with its rows of old-clothes shops, saloons, and second-hand furniture stores, I called several of my laggards, and gave them a friendly warning. "Quarter of nine, Mrs. Finnigan!" "Bless me soul, darlin'? Well, I will hurry up my childern, that I will; but the baby was that bad with whoopin'-cough last night that I never got three winks meself, darlin'?"

"All right; *never mind* the apron; let Jimmy walk on with me, and I will give him one at school." Jimmy trots proudly at my side, munching a bit of baker's pie and carrying my basket. I drop into Mrs Powers' suite of apartments in Rosalie Alley, and find Lafayette Powers still in bed. His twelve-year-old sister and guardian, Hildegarde, *has over-slept*, as usual, and breakfast is not in sight. Mrs. Powers goes to a dingy office up town at eight o'clock, her present mission in life being the healing of the nations by means of mental science. It is her fourth vocation in two years, the previous one being tissue paper flowers, lustre painting, and the agency for a high-class stocking supporter. I scold Hildegarde roundly, and she scrambles sleepily about the room to find a note that Mrs. Powers has left for me. I rejoin my court in the street, and open the letter with anticipation.

Miss Kate.

DEAR MADDAM.—You complane of Lafayette's never getting to school till eleven o'clock. It is not my affare as Hildegarde has full charge of him and I never intefear, but I would sujjest that if you beleeve in him he will do better. Your unbeleef sapps his will powers. You have only reproved him for being late. why not incurrage him say by paying him 5 cents a morning for a wile to get amung his little mates on the stroak of nine? "declare for good and good will work for you" is one of our sayings. I have not time to treet Lafayette my busness being so engrossing but if you would take a few minites each night and deny fear along the 5 avanues you could heel him. Say there is no time in the infinnit over and over before you go to sleep. This will lift fear off at Lafayette, fear of being late and he will get there in time.

Yours for good.

MRS. POWERS,
Mental Heeler.

Oh, what a naughty, ignorant, amusing, hypocritical, pathetic world it is! I tuck the note in my pocket to brighten the day for Helen, and we pass on.

As we progress we gather into our train Levi, Jacob, David, Moses, Elias, and the other prophets and patriarchs who belong to our band. We hasten the steps of the infant Garibaldi, who is devouring refuse fruit from his mother's store, and stop finally to pluck a small Dennis Kearney from the coal-hod, where he has been put for safe-keeping. The day has really begun, and with its first service the hands grow willing and the heart is filled with sunshine.

As the boys at my side prattle together of the "percession" and the "sojers" they saw yesterday, I wish longingly that I could be transported with my tiny hosts to the sunny, quiet country on this clear, lovely morning.

I think of my own joyous childhood, spent in the sweet companionship of fishes, brooks, and butterflies, birds, crickets, grasshoppers, whispering trees and fragrant wild flowers, and the thousand and one playfellows of Nature which the good God has placed within reach of the happy country children. I think of the shining eyes of my little Lucys and Bridgets and Rachels could I turn them loose in a field of golden buttercups and daisies, with sweet

"THE BOYS AT MY SIDE PRATTLE TOGETHER."

wild strawberries hidden at their roots; of the merry glee of my dear boisterous little prophets and patriots, if I could set them catching tadpoles in a clear wayside pool, or hunting hens' nests in the alder bushes behind the barn, or pulling yellow cow lilies in the pond, or wading for cat-o'-nine-tails, with their ragged little trousers tucked above their knees. And, oh! hardest of all to bear, I think of our poor little invalids, so young to struggle with languor and pain! Just to imagine the joy of my poor, lame boys and my weary, pale, and peevish children, so different from the bright-eyed, apple-cheeked darlings of well-to-do parents,—mere babies, who, from morning till night, seldom or never know what it is to cuddle down warmly into the natural rest of a mother's loving bosom!

Monday morning came and went,—Monday afternoon also; it was now two o'clock, and to my surprise and disappointment Patsy had not appeared. The new chair with its pretty red cushion stood expectant but empty. Helen had put a coat of shellac on poor Johnny Cass's table, freshened up its squared top with new lines of red paint, and placed a little silver vase of flowers on it. Our Lady Bountiful had come in to pay for the chair and see the boy, but alas! there was no boy to see. The children were all ready for him. They knew that he was a sick boy, like Johnny Cass, tired, and not able to run and jump, and that they must be good to him as they had been to Johnny. This was the idea of the majority; but I do not deny that there was a small minority which professed no interest and promised no virtue. Our four walls contained a minature world,—a world with its best foot forward, too, but it was not heaven.

At a quarter past two I went into Helen's little room, where she was drawing exquisite illustrations on a blackboard for next day's "morning talk."

"Helen, the children say that a family of Kennetts live at 32 Anna Street, and I am going to see why Patsy didn't come. Oh, yes, I know that there are boys enough without running after them, but we must have this particular boy, whether he wants to come or not, for he is *sui generis*. He shall sit on that cushion

'And sew a fine seam,
And feast upon strawberries,
Sugar and cream!'

"I think a taste for martyrdom is just as difficult to eradicate from the system as a taste for blood," Helen remarked whimsically. "Very well, run on and I'll 'receive' in your absence. I could say with Antony, 'Lend me your ears,' for I shall need them. Have you any commands?"

"Just a few. Please tell Paulina Strozynski's big brother that he must call for her earlier, and not leave her sitting on the steps so long. Tell Mrs. Hickok that if she sends us another child whom she knows to be down with the chicken-pox, we won't take in her two youngest when they're old enough. Don't give Mrs. Slamberg any aprons. She returned the little undershirts and drawers that I sent by Julie, and said 'if it was all the same to me, she'd rather have something that would make a little more show!' And—oh yes, do see if you can find Jacob Shubener's hat; he is crying down in the yard and doesn't dare go home without it.

"Very well. Four cases. Strozynski—steps—cruelty. Hickok—chicken-pox—ingratitude. Slamberg—aprons—vanity. Shubener—hat—carelessness. Oh, that I could fasten Jacob's hat to his ear by a steel chain! Has he looked in the sink?"

"Yes."

"Ash-barrel."

"Certainly."

"Up in the pepper-tree?"

"Of course."

"Then some one has 'chucked' it into the next yard, and the janitor will have to climb the fence,—at his age! Oh, if I could eliminate the *irregular* verb 'to chuck' from the vocabulary of this school, I could 'make out of the broken sounds of life a song, and out of life itself a melody,'" and she flew downstairs like a breeze, to find the patient Mr. Bowker. Mr. Bowker was a nice little man, who had not all his wits about him, but whose heart was quite intact, and who swept with energy and washed windows with assiduity. He belonged to the Salvation Army, and the most striking articles of his attire, when sweeping, was a flame-colored flannel shirt and a shiny black hat with "Prepare to meet Thy God" on the front in large silver letters. The combination of color was indescribably pictorial, and as lurid and suggestive as an old-fashioned orthodox sermon.

As I went through the lower hall, I found Mr. Bowker assisting Helen to search the coal-bin. "Don't smile," she cried. "Punch says, 'Sometimes the least likeliest place is more likelier than the most likeliest,'—and sure enough, here is the hat! I should have been named Deborah or Miriam,—not Helen!" and she hurried to dry the tears of weeping Jacob.

*(To be Continued.)*

## CONSIDERATE.

One simple method of oiling the machinery of life lies in doing promptly those little things, the delay of which causes hinderance or trouble to others.

"I always did like that boy," said an old lady of a departed summer visitor. "He never once forgot to wipe his feet when he came into the house, and that saved Mary a lot of trouble."

It was Mary's business to keep the floors clean, but she had profited daily by a care and attention, the lack of which would have increased her work appreciably.

A horse-car conductor was one day overheard, as he compared his present experience with that of past years.

"It's an easy route, mine is," said he. "Most o' the passengers is workin' folks, and they have their change ready in their hands. Now last year I had the B Street car, and I used to think I never should get through collectin' my fares. It took some o' the women half an hour to find their pockets, and when they'd found 'em, they'd nothin' but five-dollar bills to give me."

The ladies in question would doubtless have returned that it was the conductor's business to wait for their fares, and so, indeed, it was. Still, there was no reason, except that of thoughtlessness, for trying his patience unnecessarily.

No one needs to be prompted to think of his own rights; self-preservation, even in matters of detail, has become instinctive. We elbow our neighbors merely because we *have a right of passage* in the path of life, and use wastefully those goods which we have "bought and paid for." We may not all be able to assert that "the world owes us a living," but most of us insist, with unwearying persistency, upon obtaining all our just dues. Yet there are concessions owing to our neighbors, not, perhaps, under a fiat of justice, but through the law of love.

A gentleman living in a city "flat" was accustomed to arrange his fire for the night by putting on the coal, piece by piece, with the tongs.

"Why do you do that so noiselessly?" asked a visitor one night.

"Oh, the people downstairs retire very early," was the answer, "and I try not to disturb their dreams."

It was, of course, nothing to him that his neighbors chose to go to bed at nine, while he preferred eleven; he had an undoubted right to rattle coal over their heads as long as he pleased, but he preferred to take such precautions as would leave their rest unbroken.

"What you can do you may do, in fairy-land," says an old story, but the fanciful axiom does not apply to real life.

"What you can do, without disturbing others, that you may do," is an amendment better suited to daily living.—*Youth's Companion.*

## CASTLES IN THE AIR

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.—*Thoreau.*

## DOORS.

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.—*George MacDonald.*

## GIFTS FOR JESUS.

Written by a little deaf and dumb girl in the Philadelphia Institute.

*Little children!* There are many
Who have neither time nor skill,
Gold nor silver, yet may offer
Gifts to Jesus if they will.

There are ways—Jesus knows them,
And his children all should know,
How to find a flower for Jesus
Underneath the deepest snow.

How to wreathe a lovely garland,
Winter though it be and cold.
How to give the rarest offerings,
Costing—something—but not gold.

How to buy, and buy it dearly;
*Gifts that he will love to take,*
Nor to grudge the cost, but give it
Cheerfully, for Jesus' sake.

Does this seem so strange, dear children?
Yet 'tis surely nothing new,
All may give him noble presents,
Shall I tell you of a few?

Well, sometimes 'tis hard to listen
To a word unkind or cold,
And to smile a loving answer.
Do it, and you give him—gold!

Thoughts of him in work or playtime,
Smallest grains of incense rare,
Cast upon a burning censer
Rise in perfumed clouds of prayer.

There are sometimes bitter fancies,
Little murmurs that will stir
Even a loving heart—but crush them,
And you give our Saviour—myrrh!

Flowers—why, I ne'er could finish
Telling of the good they do,
Yet I'll tell you how to plant them,
In what garden plot they grow.

Modest violets, meekest snowdrops.
*Holy lilies, white and pure,*
Loving tendrils—herbs of healing,
If they only would endure!

And they will—such flowers fade not,
They are not of mortal birth;
And such garlands wreathed for Jesus
Fade not like the flowers of earth.

And I think you all must see, that
They are emblems, and must trace
In the rarest and the fairest,
Acts of love and deeds of grace.

Now, dear children, can you tell me
*Have you still no gifts to lay*
*At the throne of our dear Saviour,*
*Any hour or any day?*

Let us give him—now—forever,
Our first gift—the purest—best,
Give our hearts to Christ, and ask him
How to give him all the rest.

—*The Pansy.*

## MORE USES FOR THE PHONOGRAPH.

A recent Italian scientific paper reports that Americans have recently found it to be practicable to apply the phonograph to locomotive whistles. Whether this statement has any foundation or not makes no difference; the idea is worthy of American genius.

What a convenience it would be to have the whistle shout, in a stentorian voice, "Hoosac Junction! Ten minutes for refreshments!" How it would save the brakeman his indistinct enunciation! What a pleasure to all travellers, if the conventional old lady were periodically informed that the train was just two minutes late, and that there was no ice-water in the baggage-car!

But since it has been found that, by the mere substitution of a metallic cylinder for a wax one, it can be made to talk loudly there is no end to the possible uses to which it will be put. Hitherto it has been proposed to employ it only as a substitute for the loquacious reporter in his various capacities.

But now we may, at any time, expect to see the deaf-mute listening to a conversation through the medium of an audiphone, and replying, in perfect English, with an instrument which is a storehouse of syllables, manipulated as one would manipulate the characters in a type-writer. One key may supply him with a rippling laughter for frivolous occasions, while another enables him to furnish with condoling, sympathetic sighs a weeping mourner.

Again, upon ringing the door-bell at the house of our friend of modern ideas, we need not be surprised if his door-panel informs us that our friend has just gone down to the office, but that his wife will be glad to see us.

## PRIZE BIBLE COMPETITION No. 2.

### WHO IS SHE?

For the three best accounts of the life of the woman depicted in this picture, not exceeding five hundred words in length, three prizes will be given.

FIRST PRIZE.—A Bible with limp leather cover, references and maps.

SECOND PRIZE.—A Bible similar to the above but smaller in size.

THIRD PRIZE.—A history of the Old Testament.

### CONDITIONS.

The conditions are these:—The young people competing must be under eighteen years of age, and must write the story without help from any one. The stories must be written on one side of the paper only, on note paper, or foolscap cut in four so as to be near note paper size, and have the name, post office address and age of the writer clearly written on the right hand upper corner of the first page. Pin or tack the sheets together at the left hand upper corner, but do not fold or roll to mail. In judging for the prizes, writing, spelling, and general neatness will be taken into consideration, as well as accuracy of history and style of composition.

WHO IS SHE?

Now, *Messenger* readers, let us see how much you can exceed your record of last year. Then three hundred names were enrolled in our pages as Bible students. Let us have two or three times as many this year. The prizes alone are worth it, and they are not the chief end for which you study.

Begin reading as soon as you get this number of your paper, as all stories must be in our hands three weeks from the date of this paper. Address all your stories

"BIBLE COMPETITION"
*Northern Messenger,*
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

## THE PRIZE AWARDED.

We have great pleasure in putting before our readers, especially those of our young people who took part in the Dominion Competition, the decision of the Marquis of Lorne. The lady who wins the type-writer and he who has won honorable mention from the Marquis of Lorne, and all the Province prize winners will be in good spirits and ambitious mood at the kindly words given by our former Governor-General. We read now and then how Crabbe received £3,000 for his "Tales," and how Byron received an extraordinary sum for the manuscript of so-and-so, but which of them got, as one prize-winner has done, a hundred and twenty-five dollars for his first few pages of literary work? Miss Holden has our congratulations as well as those, we are sure, of all the competitors for the prize and all our readers. That she can write with much power of invention and expression she has the assurance of no less an authority than Lord Lorne.

There are about as many geniuses in one decade as in another, and among those who are rising to fill the places of their literary forefathers, may be some of those writers whose eight stories were selected out of many hundreds for special honors. On the other hand, the rising geniuses may be among the winners of the county, or even of the school prizes.

The letter from Lord Lorne reads as follows:

August 15, 1889.

SIR,—My opinion is that the story "Adelo," by "Lily," shows most power of invention and expression among the stories sent by you, and that "The Boys of Our School" should be placed second.

I wish to say that it has been a pleasure to me to read these compositions, which are most creditable to the writers. They have local color,—a sign of originality,—and they exhibit a manly tone of patriotism. The writers are proud of the early history of their provinces and during their lives will work to make the history of their united nation illustrious,

I remain, sir,
Yours faithfully,
LORNE.

*The Editor of the Witness.*

### NOTES.

The story "Adelo" is by Miss May Selby Holden, of St. John's, Newfoundland. The second, "The Boys of Our School," is by Mr. Norman L. Cook, Gay's River, Nova Scotia.

A series of these competition stories is now running in the *Weekly Witness*.

## NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

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